

PRIMATE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IS COMING TO VISIT US

Archbishop of Canterbury Will Spend Some Time in America.

To Visit Washington, New York, Boston, and Perhaps St. Louis.

Will Attend General Conference in Massachusetts City.

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IN the approaching visit to America of the present occupant of the chair of Augustine, the Right Honorable and Most Reverend Thomas Randall Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury and primate of England, there is something of the significance of a visit from one of the princes of the realm to the royal house. For the archbishop is the first peer of the realm, and ranks next to princes of the blood royal and before all dukes excepting those of royal blood. Archbishop Davidson will not travel incognito. He will be accorded such civil honors as the American people delight to offer celebrities from abroad and particularly those from England. President Roosevelt will receive the archbishop in Washington on a date to be fixed some time between the 15th and 25th of September.

The primate's time will be fully occupied by the many engagements already being made for him. He is to preach at Old Trinity Church, New York, attend the convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Philadelphia, and also the general convention in Boston.

May Go to St. Louis.

While in the United States he will make an effort to see the World's Fair, in which he is extremely interested. Lady Davidson will accompany the archbishop on his visit to America, and a chaplain or private secretary may also be included in the party.

This visit is really a courteous return for the visits of American bishops to the decennial Lambeth conferences, and the archbishop is practically the organizer of it.

Whether any closer tie between the Anglican Church and the American Episcopal Church is contemplated he cannot say, although there is practical unity already. The numerous letters the archbishop has received from Americans, lay and cleric, referring to his visit, show a sense of community, and in the warm note of personal sympathy have touched the archbishop.

The details of his sojourn in America have not been fully completed and they are entirely in American hands, especially in the hands of Bishop Tuttle, of Missouri; Bishop Potter, of New York; Bishop Doane, of Albany; Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, and the best laymen.

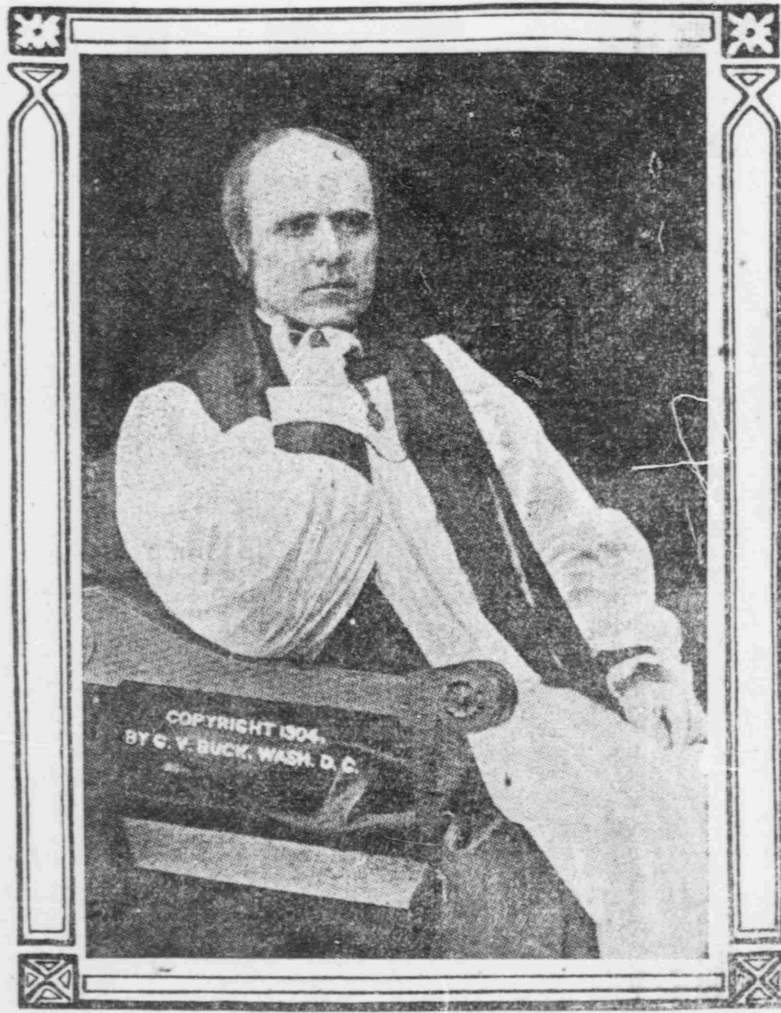
Will Visit Canada.

The archbishop will first visit Canadian centers after a brief stay in New York. Then after some quiet weeks, for a much-needed rest, he will attend the great conference of the Episcopal Church in Boston, after which he will return home, having passed two clear months in America.

The archbishop has no present intention of visiting at the large American cities. His health is excellent, but he needs three weeks' rest before the Boston conference. Then, returning, he will find heavy arrears of work at Lambeth and Canterbury.

He may possibly make occasion to repeat his visit later.

A primate of the English Church, Archbishop Davidson, holds the most



The Most Reverend Randall Thomas Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Important office within the gift of the Anglican Church. He draws a salary of \$75,000 a year, more than our President receives, and has one hundred and forty-nine livings in his gift. Two palaces are designated for his use. One is Lambeth Palace, while the other is the palace at Canterbury, where his see church, the Canterbury Cathedral, is located.

The archbishop is virtually the king maker, for it is he who crowns and anoints the king and unless the prospective monarch is accepted by him as his true liege lord and sovereign the prince cannot be enthroned as king.

Power to Confer Degrees.

In addition to degrees in divinity the primate has power to confer degrees in law and medicine. His appointment is vested in the hands of the ruling monarch, but he must be chosen from the college of bishops.

The robes of the archbishop when pontificating are gorgeous in their richness. His scarlet convocation robes are brilliant with embroidery and insignia, while on his head he wears the quaint mitre the shape of which has been handed down since the time of Thomas a Becket, the murdered Archbishop of Canterbury.

Four chaplains and two train bearers clad in violet or scarlet cassocks and zucchetto accompany the archbishop at services. In procession he walks at the end with chaplains behind and cross bearer in front. On leaving the altar, however, the order is reversed, the archbishop going first followed by the cross bearer with the smallest choir boy bringing up the end of the procession.

The present Archbishop of Canterbury differs widely in temperament from the late primate, the Right Rev. Frederick Temple. Dr. Temple was a harsh man, almost a radical, while the present archbishop is quiet, conservative, serene, yet of forceful disposition.

Wise in Administration.

He is regarded as a wise administrator—a man of much thought and apt. In controversy, to take the moderate course. He possesses a thorough knowledge of men, the work, organization, and

legislation of the church, and is intimately acquainted with the personnel of the church officers through his long service as private secretary to two archbishops when they filled the office he now holds. By reason of his former services, he has the intricate business of his high office at his fingers' ends.

Little surprise was occasioned when King Edward offered the primacy to Dr. Davidson upon the death of Dr. Temple, for Dr. Davidson had long been intimately associated with the royal household. During the latter part of Queen Victoria's lifetime Dr. Davidson, as her chaplain, was her most trusted adviser and friend, and so, in offering him the highest office in the gift of the reigning monarch, King Edward remembered the wishes of his mother and doubly gratified his own. The King has continued to signify honor the bishop.

It will be remembered by many Americans that the primacy was tendered to Dr. Davidson when it became vacant upon the death of Archbishop Benson, but ill health prevented Dr. Davidson from accepting the office at that time.

Beloved by the Poor.

In the midst of favors showered upon him by royalty and familiar contact with the greatest nobles at the English court, Dr. Davidson is equally well known and beloved by the poor of the land. It is this quality of sterling manliness which has endeared him to the entire English people. In Winchester he was sent to Harrow, one of the great English public schools for boys. Here he proved a good, though not brilliant, pupil, and unfortunately, in the last year of his course, he met with a gunshot accident which seriously interfered with his academic career.

From Harrow he went to Trinity College, Oxford, which now counts him among its most illustrious alumni. Through interrupted readings, because of ill health, he failed to reach the honor

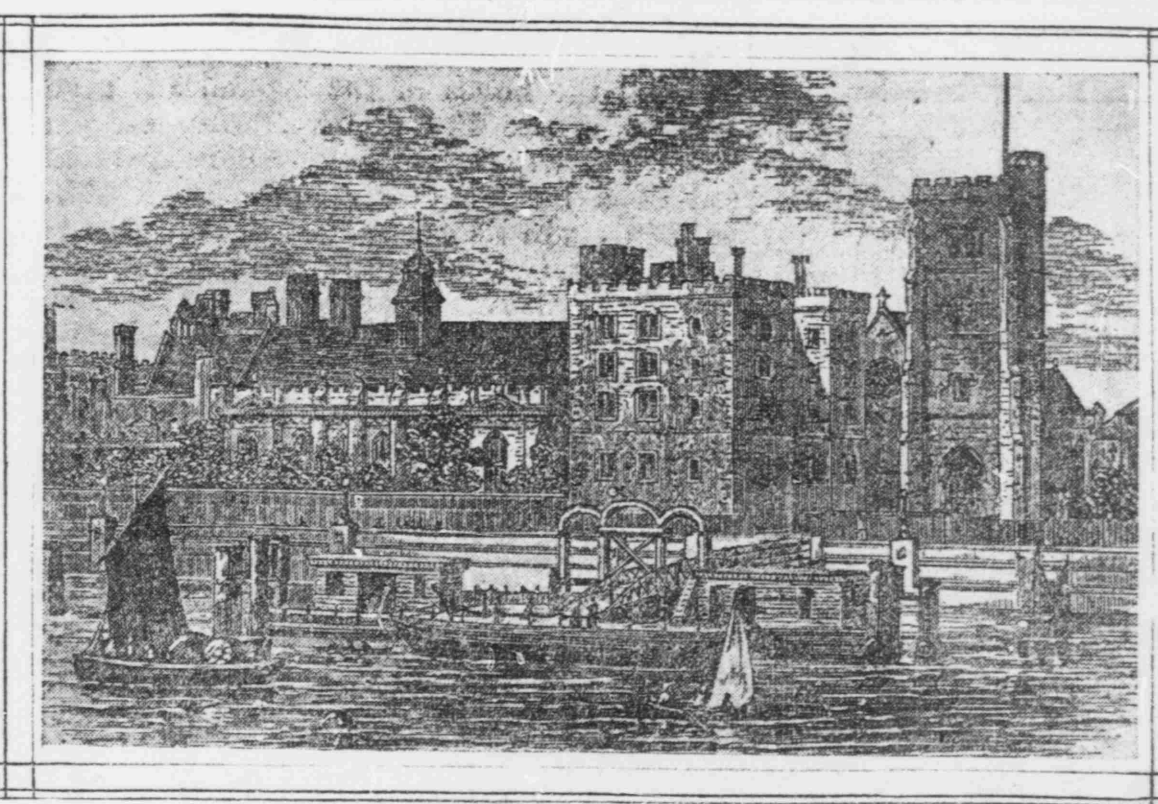
school of law and history. So serious was his condition that he was compelled to retire during the examination for his honor degree.

Ordained in 1874.

Graduating in 1871, the future archbishop read for holy orders and was ordained in 1874. His first charge was as curate in Dratford, Kent, where an appointment as chaplain and private secretary to Archbishop Tait of Canterbury came in 1877.

While serving the father the young cleric lost his heart to the daughter, and in 1878 Dr. Davidson married the second daughter, Edith. Lady Davidson is still the faithful confidant and helpmeet of her husband. She is gifted with much literary ability, and was of immeasurable assistance to Dr. Davidson in the compilation of her father's biography.

When Bishop Benson succeeded Archbishop Tait he retained the latter's private secretary. It was in 1882 that Mr.



Lambeth Palace—One of the Palaces Designated for the Archbishop's Use.



Canterbury Cathedral—the See Church of the Archbishop.

Davidson came under the favorable notice of the Queen, and she appointed him one of her honorary chaplains.

One of the conspicuous efforts of Dr. Davidson while private secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury was in making the principal arrangements for the Lambeth Conference of 1883.

In 1883 Dr. Davidson became Dean of Windsor and domestic chaplain to the Queen. During the years up to 1890 signal honors came to him. He was one of the six preachers at Canterbury Cathedral and was elected a trustee of the British Museum.

Made Bishop in 1891.

His consecration as Bishop of Rochester occurred in 1891, but in 1893 he was translated to the See of Winchester, at the same time becoming clerk of the closet to the Queen.

Dr. Davidson was appointed primate on January 17, 1893, and in the following March he was enthroned in Canterbury Cathedral.

Canterbury has been the inspirator of much song and legend and the archbishop is always a figure of interest to English as well as foreign people.

The repentance of Henry II over the murder of the saintly Thomas a Becket led to one of the most noteworthy observances known to religious history—the Canterbury pilgrimages. After the murder of Becket before the high altar of the cathedral, Henry, in the ardor of his remorse, went on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the martyred saint, clad in sackcloth and ashes.

At every wayside cross the monarch stopped to do penance. This example set by the King, like every other one, no matter of what character, was quickly taken up by rich and poor, young and old, until the Canterbury pilgrimages became both pious and fashionable.

The "Canterbury Tales."

Chaucer's immortal "Canterbury Tales" deal picturesquely with these slink and velvet pilgrims and Tabard Inn, in

Canterbury. He holds the most important Office in the Anglican Church.

Draws a Salary of \$75,000 a Year and Has Many Perquisites.

Known as a Likable Man as Well as a Capable Executive.

the quaint little town, became the Mecca where occurred an interesting intermingling of the classes, not the least entertaining of which were the mendicants that flocked from all quarters of the kingdom to solicit alms and make capital of the religious whims of their betters.

The Archbishops of Canterbury have included in their number many noted English churchmen. The first Archbishop was the saintly Augustine, who was given a palace in Canterbury by Ethelbert, whom he converted to Christianity.

In the great Cathedral of Canterbury, consecrated in 1130, England has one of the most historic and beautiful buildings in the world. It was here that the celebrated Archbishop Thomas a Becket was murdered before the high altar on December 29, 1170. A pretty tribute to his memory is its commemoration in lilies of the valley. This was his favorite flower and is the floral symbol of the see of Canterbury. The greatest tribute, or, rather, compliment, which can be paid the primate at any gathering is to include this little flower in the decorations.

Of the two palaces at the disposal of the archbishop, Canterbury Palace is more historic and beautiful, but Lambeth Palace has always been the choice of primates as a home.

Lambeth Palace Gardens.

Lambeth Palace borders on the waters of the Thames, and is surrounded by splendid gardens reaching over twelve acres. Objects of interest about the palace are the famous Lollards' Tower, a remembrance of those first reformers of the Anglican Church, the chapel with its superb roof of carved oak, and a library of literary treasures which attract almost numberless students and antiquarians.

In these surroundings, almost royal in their luxury and magnificence, Archbishop Davidson lives the simple, useful life of an English bishop. He is formally addressed as "My Lord Archbishop," but, despite the formality which must obtain under certain circumstances, Archbishop Davidson is a delightfully approachable and highly interesting man.

A Handsome Man.

Personally, Archbishop Davidson is strikingly handsome. His nature is joyous, and optimistic, but never ostentatious. Democratic simplicity marks his daily life. The archbishop professes great admiration for America and its people, and has eagerly anticipated his trip to this country. A keen student of human nature, his impressions of Americans at home will be awaited with interest.

There is, however, no cause to fear his criticism. It is not a haughty prelate who is to come among us, but a gentle old man, whose spiritual life and lofty character have won him the high rank and royal favor he now enjoys. He comes with a message of good will to the American people and a word of cheer to the Anglican Church from its Mother Church across the seas.

STORIES TOLD OF AND BY MEMBERS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE

"Perhaps no captain who ever took up tickets on a Mississippi River steamer was more popular than William Nolan," says a Representative from the Bayou State. "I guess that Captain Nolan was about the only man who ever treated the late Col. Tom Ochiltree in a rough manner that is, insisted on his paying fare. But Ochiltree's supreme nerve caused that Captain to relent, and make him the star passenger of the boat."

"The boat was plying between Helena and Memphis, and had a large number of passengers, including, of course, its full quota of river gamblers. Ochiltree took passage at Helena, and when the boat was fairly under way the captain interrupted him while spinning yarns, and asked for his ticket or fare. Of course, the colonel gave one of his eight by ten smiles, and appeared surprised that such a request should be made; he said he never paid; that the best railroads, steamboats, and hotels in the country never thought of making him put up. 'Well, colonel,' said Captain Nolan, the owners of this boat are not running her for exercise or health; we are not carrying deadwood if we can help it. You must either produce the amount of your fare or I shall have to put you off.'"

"You wouldn't be heartless enough to dump me off in the water," said Ochiltree, "for I have not yet learned to walk on the water."

"Pay me within the next hour or off you go," was the captain's answer. "Ochiltree laughed and continued his jokes until the hour was up, when he said he didn't have the money. The captain had the steamer pulled in and in the dense Arkansas swamps the colonel and his trunk were put off. No sooner had Ochiltree struck terra firma than he took his guitar and seating himself on his trunk he began to play and sing:

"We parted by the river side, The moon looked down on you and I, I tried to bluff him for a ride, But he turned me down without a sigh."

"Ochiltree thumped away and ground out several verses, and the captain was so completely struck with the man's nerve that he called out:

"Get back on this boat, you red-

headed devil, but if ever you try this game again I'll send you to hell by the water route."

Would Have a Well.

Senator Blackburn tells a story of a native in the oil producing regions of his State who simply made the best of everything, and "if he couldn't do one thing he'd do another."

"Kentuckians generally have pretty long heads," says the Senator, "and are pretty hard to down on any and every proposition. When the oil fever struck my State and the capitalists went to boring, nearly every man, woman, and child jumped at the conclusion that they, too, could strike oil, and began their work."

"One man was boring and digging away in a locality where there were no more signs of oil than of bottled lightning, and he was told by some of the 'experts' that he could never get oil in that locality."

"'Wal, if I can't strike oil,' said the native, 'then I'll have a powerful good well.'"

Henry Stopped Him.

Speaker Cannon tells a story about a politician named Bill Winthrop, who made the race for the Legislature of Illinois several years ago.

"Winthrop's oratory," says the Speaker, "was on the Fourth of July, order, and interruptions irritated and confused him. One day he was holding forth in the courthouse, preceding his opponent, the antagonist laid a plot to confuse and interrupt him, and for this purpose he secured the services of a wag named Joe Henry. Henry had but one eye, and that a crooked one. He stammered at a 2-20 rate, and this gave an air of comedy to everything he said or did."

Henry was placed in the box near where the candidates were seated, and when Winthrop flung his oratorical litany Henry bided his time and soon got in a word or two. Winthrop was soaring away up in the heavens when he overreached himself and got all tangled up; he came to a sudden halt with his hands pointing upward. He stood there like a statue, and Henry gazed up with

his cork-screw optic as if trying to locate the soaring eagle, and exclaimed:

"'L-e-t t-t-t-h-a-t o-o-o-n-e g-g-g-o, B-I-I-I-I, an' f-f-f-l-y a-a-a-t-t-e-r o-o-o-n-e."

"Well, Winthrop's hands dropped to his side, and he was so completely knocked out that he closed his remarks with something about 'that cursed fool Henry' and took his seat."

Might Wake Wife.

Father Neale, of Fauquier county, Va., left a name which is honored in that State. By trade he was a carpenter—at one time head carpenter for General Washington, but he gave up this work for the ministry. It was late in life when he was converted and felt that he was called to preach the gospel. A Virginia Representative tells this story about the good man:

"Father Neale's only book was the Bible; he knew it from cover to cover. He was full of anecdotes and full of humor; but he preached only to make other people good. One day he was preaching when it was extremely warm. There was a large crowd, and several members fell asleep. The good man noticed that his wife was one of the sleepers, and as several men were talking near one of the windows, he said:

"'I do trust the brethren on the outside there will cease their loud talk; I am afraid you will wake up my wife!'"

The audience joined in a laugh at Mrs. Neale's expense, and the services were not interrupted again by either talk or other noise."

Landlord Didn't Care.

Courteous treatment always pays. There's an old tavern near Jamestown, Va., about which this interesting story is told.

"John Randolph of Roanoke" stopped over night at the tavern, and the kindly landlord, knowing his distinguished guest, attempted to draw him into conversation. Randolph was not talkative. Next morning the gentleman was ready to resume his journey and the landlord ventured to ask:

"Which way do you travel, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir?" asked Randolph, with a look of displeasure.

"Which way are you traveling, I asked," said the landlord.

"I have paid you my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything?"

"Not a cent, sir."

"Then, I am going just where I please; do you understand?"

"Yes."

Mr. Randolph drove off, but soon sent one of his servants back to the inn to inquire which of the forks of the road he should take to carry him to—

"Go back and tell Mr. Randolph," answered the landlord, "that he does not owe me a cent, and I don't give a damn which road he takes, nor where it takes him."

It is said that brimstone and sulphur could be knocked out of the air in that section of Virginia when the landlord's message was delivered to John Randolph of Roanoke.

Gaines' Mill Poetry.

Representative John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, says it is a bad idea for people to go to law; that the only time a man should go to a courthouse is to get his marriage license. "When I think of lawsuits," says Mr. Gaines, "I am reminded of the old saw—

"'An upper mill and lower mill; Fell out about their water; To war they went, that is to law, Resolved to give no quarter."

"A lawyer was by each engaged, And hotly they contended, When fees grew scant, the war they waged— They judged were better ended."

"The heavy costs remaining still, Were settled without pother, One lawyer took the upper mill, The lower mill the other."

Killing Mental Children.

Representative Baker of New York is a total abstainer, and does not hesitate to say a word for temperance whenever occasion offers. A newspaper friend of the gentleman told him that he could write better stuff if he placed a couple or three Joe Rikeys under his vest.

"That's all rot," answered Representative Baker. "It is all imagination. You put rum among your ideas and the way they hurry out is like mad horns with

their nests afire, and it will kill all the ideas in time if you keep it up. These little mental children won't stand liquor long, and you may depend on that. After a few mental spees they sicken, droop, and die, and as for trying to restore them to their former freshness, life, and vigor by enlarging the drinks, you might as well try to scaldate the dead languages with a bottle of smelling salts."

The Lord Had Mercy.

"In Howard county, Iowa, true religion and Republicanism are inseparable," remarked a Representative from that

State. "A deacon who held Democratic views was called upon to open services at a prayer meeting, which he did, and in the course of his supplications prayed the Lord 'would have mercy on the Republicans and sinners of this county.' 'As the Republicans are still strongly in the majority, it is generally believed that the good Lord is having mercy on them.'"

Saved by Connections.

"It's pretty difficult work to convict men charged with crime who have good family connections," says a Representative from Tennessee. "I recall a case where a young man was arrested

charged with the theft of a pair of silk stockings from a department store in Nashville. The defense was his station in life, his prepossessing appearance, and his family. The justice charged in these words:

"Gentlemen of the jury, this is a short issue. The prisoner is a young gentleman of attractive manners and irreproachable connection. He is charged with taking a pair of silk stockings. Remember, a good connection, and find accordingly."

"The jury found accordingly, of course, and the fellow was permitted to go with a very small fine."

Regiment Swept Under.

This was probably one of the most fatal avalanches that have ever fallen, though on one occasion in 1847 a regiment of Alpine soldiers was carried away and buried under an avalanche while manuevering on the mountains. On this occasion the snow was fairly dry, and to the fact the rescued men owed their lives. It was two hours and a half after the accident occurred when the work of rescue began, and many of the men were buried beneath from four to eight feet of snow.

The curious freaks of avalanches are shown by the case of seven Alpine tourists who were carried over the Aarod Weisshorn by an avalanche without one of the party being injured; while it is on record that the late Prof. Tyndall and a party of friends once literally rode on an avalanche for a distance of 1,000 feet, without receiving any hurt.

Season for Climbing the Alps Is Now On

THE climbing season in the higher Alps has commenced. The hotels and inns have reopened their doors, and, with one or two exceptions, the mountain railways are now running for the summer between high walls of heaped-up snow. But while the means of reaching the great Alpine peaks are ready, the weather—that terribly capricious master of the ambitious Alpinist—has decreed that many of the higher summits must for the present be unattainable.

The first ascent of Mont Blanc this year was a remarkable feat of Alpine climbing, and was made by Herr Hugo Mylius, of Frankfurt, on February 25, says a Geneva correspondent of the "London Express." Herr Mylius was attended by three guides, and much of the ascent, as well as almost the entire descent, was made on skis.

Difficulties Immense.

The difficulties were immense, a strong cold wind was blowing, and at times the temperature fell to 40 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit). Herr Mylius had a foot and hand badly frozen, and a foot of one of his guides was also frost-bitten.

The winter in the Alps was most severe, and the snowfall very heavy, with the result that an early and particularly wet spring has caused a perfect rearrangement of Alpine geography,

those trusty pilots of the mountain, the Alpine guides, no longer know their own particular climbing places, for crevasses now yawn where formerly solid snow lay. Narrow cracks or chutes that last year formed short cuts to elevated plateaus have disappeared, and in their places are impassable walls of ice.

Destructive Snow Slides.

Vast avalanches have in many places changed the whole face of a once familiar mountain side. Avalanches, indeed, have seldom worked such dire disaster in the Alpine districts as during the past spring. The loss of life from this cause alone has been far above all previous records, while the destruction of property has been immense. Whole forests and villages have been swept away, families have been buried alive, while several times entire hamlets have been aroused in the middle of the night by the alarm of an approaching avalanche, and the inhabitants have had to fly in their night attire to places of safety.

A Week of Rain.

About the middle of April there was a week of torrential rain, which caused many serious disasters, the worst of which was the terrible avalanche that swept away part of the village of Grenoble, near the Rhone glacier, costing thirteen lives and injuring seven others, and a party of friends once literally rode on an avalanche for a distance of 1,000 feet, without receiving any hurt.

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